

THE DAILY MIRROR, Friday, March 5, 1915

ALLIES' BIG GUNS SMASH THE TURKISH FORTS

The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN ANY OTHER PICTURE PAPER IN THE WORLD

No. 3,545.

Registered at the G.P.O.
as a Newspaper.

FRIDAY, MARCH 5, 1915

One Halfpenny.

**IN THE CITY OF DREADFUL TERROR: CONSTANTINOPLE AWAITS
ITS FALL AND THE DOOM OF THE DARDANELLES.**



The boatmen of the Bosphorus. A typical group discussing the affairs of the day.



A scene in one of the busiest streets. Note the abject expressions.



The tower in Constantinople which the Turks believe will fall when their empire collapses.



Looking from the Galata Tower. A characteristic view of part of the city.



Turks washing before they enter the Sacred Mosque. This is a solemn rite.

While the great fleet of the Allies is shattering the forts of the Dardanelles, while the mightiest guns in the British Navy are smashing the defensive works of the Turk with tons of metal, the population of Constantinople awaits the doom of the capital

of the Turkish Empire. Many eyes are turned towards a tower in the capital of which there is a superstition that when it falls the Turkish Empire will fall also. When the Young Turks dethroned Abdul Hamid they girded the tower with iron bands.

RING PAGEANT OF CHILD RIDERS.

Little Boys and Girls Show Ponies Paces at National Show.

STERN CRITICS OF DRESS.

There is no more exclusive circle of little people in the world than the boy and girl equestrians who, once a year, meet at the Agricultural Hall to take part in the competitions of the National Pony Show.

Yesterday was the great day, and from all parts of the country they flocked to Islington, attended by devoted grooms and anxious parents, to ride proudly into the great ring, and show the paces of their steeds.

The girls all wore bowler hats and riding skirts, and not a few of them had stocks. Nearly all boasted riding boots.

Just as Ascot is one of the most fashionable social meetings of the year for grown-ups, so is the Pony Show for children.

One could see the little girls giving quick glances at each other, criticising with a cool eye the hang and cut of a riding skirt, the angle at which the hat was worn.

QUEEN AMONG CHILDREN.

There was one sweet-looking little rider, named Doris Hirst, aged eleven, who was a queen among the children.

Prized out from behind her hat was a mass of beautiful red-gold hair, while, in her faultless white stock, she wore a small green jade pin. She rode delightfully.

And the boys—they have their fashions, too, and know all about the right and the wrong way to turn up at the Pony show. Most of them appeared in riding breeches, stocks, bowler hats, black ties and fancy waistcoats.

One youngster, who was faultlessly dressed (the most critical Bond-street "nut" would have approved of his costume), was Master Cecil Bonner, of Bicester, Oxford.

How the audience cheered when the children in a gay pageant of the ring galloped up and down, made figures of eight and performed feats of horsemanship that few grown-ups would care to attempt.

The ten guinea cup offered by Sir George Hastings was won by last year's winner, Lady Primrose (exhibitor, Mr. G. Norris Midwood, of Colchester).

The silver medal given by the Shetland Pony Stud Book Society was awarded to Bessbrook of Earlsall, exhibited by Mr. R. W. R. Mackenzie, of Earlsall, Fife.

HANS'S PLUM PUDDING TREASON.

AMSTERDAM, March 1.—The *Hamburger Nachrichten* is greatly disgusted to learn that even now there are people living in Germany who are so unpatriotic as to prefer foreign articles to those "made in Germany."

The paper says: "One of the largest stores here informs us that many women insist upon buying clothes of French origin or of stuffs made in England."

A famous Hamburg provision shop has for years past sold plum puddings and other English delicacies, which are really made in Germany, but are enclosed in wrappers which bear English inscriptions.

"This year the proprietor had the paper covered by another bearing the words 'Made in Germany.' Last Christmas these puddings had scarcely any sale whatever, because the customers refused to buy them as they were not 'genuine English'—*Kreuter*.

WARSHIPS STOP DANISH LINER.

COPENHAGEN, March 4.—The Scandinavian-American liner *Hollig Olav*, which has arrived at Christiania from New York, was held up twice during the voyage by British warships, but was allowed to proceed immediately the ship's papers and passengers had been examined.

On board were 120 German subjects from the former German colony in the East Suez Archipelago, including Dr. Eduard Haber, the former Governor of the colony.—*Central News*.

"AN ABSOLUTE WASTER."

"No good at all; an absolute waster, and always will be," was the report sent from Boreham upon James Stevens, a young carman, who was sentenced to fifteen months' hard labour at London Sessions yesterday for breaking into a warehouse.

A detective said prisoner, with another youth, dressed in the uniform of the East Surrey Regiment, and went about in Croydon collecting money for "blankets for the battalion."

Both youths were absent from the regiment, and they were sent back to headquarters. The military authorities, however, refused to have anything to do with them.

Stevens had been to Las Palmas in a ship, but was certified by the captain as "no good."

SITTING OF THE CABINET.

The sitting of the Cabinet last night lasted an hour and three-quarters, the Ministers rising at a quarter to eight.

It is understood that the meeting was an adjournment of yesterday morning's deliberations, and that the Cabinet were engaged primarily in formulating the regulations to give effect to the Prime Minister's statement regarding reprisals.

ROMANCE OF THE PEERAGE

Hon. Neil Primrose Engaged to Lord Derby's Only Daughter.

LORD ROSEBERY'S M.P. SON.

The Hon. Neil Primrose, younger son of Lord Rosebery, has become engaged, *The Daily Mirror* understands, to Lady Victoria Stanley, the only daughter of Lord Derby.

The news of this romance, uniting the two great houses of Rosebery and Derby, will be of great interest in social and political circles.

Mr. Neil James Archibald Primrose, who is thirty-two, is one of the best-known and most popular men in London.

Mr. Primrose is Liberal M.P. for the Wisbech Division of Cambridgeshire, and a month ago he was appointed Parliamentary Under-Secretary to the Foreign Office.

His maternal great-aunt, Miss Lucy Cohen, left him £150,000 and a beautiful house in Great Stanhope-street, on the understanding that he should devote himself to a political career.

He began his public career on the London County Council, of which his father was chairman at one time. When Mr. Primrose was elected an alderman of the Council he was the youngest alderman in England.

His fiancée is a charming lady of twenty-two years.

Lord Derby, who is noted as a sportsman and lover of horses, was formerly a popular figure in the House of Commons as Lord Stanley. He was Postmaster-General for some time, and during the South African War he served on Lord Roberts's staff.

WOMEN'S NAME RACE.

Margaret's Lead in Competition to Provide First £400 for Motor-Ambulance.

Great interest among women all over the country has been aroused by the competition, organised by the British Red Cross Society to find out the most popular woman's Christian name and, at the same time, to provide ambulance cars for our troops at the front.

The scheme, as was announced in yesterday's *Daily Mirror*, is that groups of Alices, Margarets, Marys, etc., of Great Britain shall each collect sufficient money to purchase one fully-equipped ambulance car, the price of which is £400.

A very keen race is now going on between the different women collectors to be the first to obtain the £400. The present positions of the most successful names are given below:—

	Amount collected.
1. Margaret	£259 16 0
2. Katherine	156 0 0
3. Elizabeth	170 0 0
4. Mary	140 0 0
5. Edith	133 18 0
6. Jane	120 0 0
7. Henrietta	110 0 9
8. Dorothy	105 0 0
9. Gertrude	102 10 1
10. Constance	88 0 0

Some eighty women in different parts of the country are collecting under various Christian names. The joint names of Winifred and Alice have realised £183 16s. 8½d. up to the present.

DEED OF THE THORDIS.

Steamer That Sank Submarine to Receive £500—Damaged Propeller.

"MADE OF STERN STUFF."

"Thordis dry-docked. One blade propeller gone. Keel plate badly damaged. Admiral satisfied submarine sunk.—*Bell*."

That was the message received from Captain Bell, master of the *Thordis*, by the editor of *Syren and Shipping*. The latter journal offered £500 to the first British merchantman which sank an enemy submarine.

The sinking of the German submarine off Beachy Head by the *Thordis* having thus been established, *Syren and Shipping* will hand over £500 to the gallant captain and his fearless crew.

In all, the gallant men of the *Thordis* are entitled to £1,160, for other rewards were also offered.

The admiral referred to in Captain Bell's telegram is Admiral Egerton, Commander-in-Chief at Plymouth.

"This early success of a British merchantman in sinking an enemy submarine has not come as any surprise to those who know anything of the spirit in which the British mercantile marine is facing the German 'blockade,' said the editor of *Syren and Shipping* to *The Daily Mirror* yesterday.

"The men who man our merchant ships are made of stern stuff." To add that Mr. W. J. Tatem, of Cardiff, had offered £500 for the next British merchantman which sinks an enemy submarine.

CAME DOUBLY CLOTHED.

Boy Who Donned Two Pairs of Trousers Before Caning Summons Master.

The punishment of a schoolboy was described at Lancaster yesterday, when the Rev. J. H. Shackleton-Bailey was charged with assaulting a boarder named Harold Atkinson, aged sixteen, son of Dr. Atkinson, of Smethwick.

It was stated that the boy was reported for cigarette smoking, and that when he went to be punished he put two pairs of trousers on. The defendant was alleged to have said: "The little beggar came to me with two pairs of trousers on, and I gave him the soundest thrashing I ever gave to a boy in my life."

In the witness-box the boy smiled when asked if he put two pairs of trousers on. He said he received seventeen strokes from the cane, and was very sore afterwards.

The defendant said Atkinson gave no cry, and did not struggle. No blood was drawn.

The bench dismissed the case.

SENTENCE IN RACE TRAIN TRAGEDY.

Found guilty of the manslaughter of George Morton, who was attacked after leaving a race train at Clapham Junction, James O'Neil was sentenced at the Old Bailey yesterday to seven years' penal servitude.

O'Neil was accused of murder, but was found guilty of the lesser offence. Morton, it was stated, had threatened O'Neil, who knocked him down and stabbed him with a knife.

The police stated that O'Neil was a dangerous criminal.

WOMEN'S CHANCE TO HELP FARMERS.

Mr. Asquith Urges Employment of More Female Labour.

FAMINE IN FIELD HANDS.

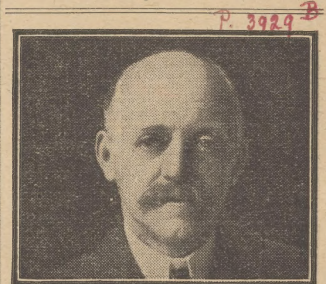
"It is desirable, in such an emergency as the present to reinforce the ranks of agricultural labourers by a large employment of female labour."

This statement was made by Mr. Asquith in the House of Commons last night during a debate on the shortage of labour in agricultural districts.

Mr. Asquith pointed out that in Scotland woman labour was employed in agriculture to the extent of 40 per cent.

Mr. Walter Long said the agricultural community was trying to revive woman labour, and he was glad the Prime Minister had expressed his approval of it.

The question of the Meyer timber contract with the Office of Works was raised by Mr. William Young, who declared that if it were not



Mr. William Willett, the author of the Daylight Saving Bill, whose death occurred yesterday. His idea was to give everyone longer evenings during summer for their recreation.

brought to an end at once there would be indignation throughout the country.

Mr. Beck read a statement by Lord Emmott, First Commissioner of Works, to the effect that the arrangement with Mr. Meyer was made in the interest of economy.

A new arrangement, Mr. Beck said, would be made with Mr. Meyer as to commission on purchasing beyond £500,000.

An entirely unsolicited letter from an expert stated that at least £50,000 had been saved so far by this contract with Mr. Meyer.

Mr. Bonar Law said the Government had not used the business ability at their disposal to help them in cases of this kind.

FOE'S IDLE CHATTER OF HATE.

How bitterly Germans hate Britain is shown by statements made yesterday to *The Daily Mirror* by a Brighton woman, who succeeded recently in returning the remarks the Germans uttered about "Perfidious Albion." Here are some of them:—

A SHOPEEKER: When we arrive in England no dead will remain on man, woman or child.

A DRAPER: Of course, the British have the biggest navy, but the commanders have no heads. All German naval officers are scientific, so Britain will lose her fine navy.

"The English soldiers think only of their jam and marmalade," was a remark made by a credulous German.

STOPPING HUNS' CUCUMBER SUPPLY.

German gourmets will have to do without one of their favourite delicacies, the English cucumber, huge quantities of which used to be shipped to Germany. These supplies have now been stopped.

"In other years 40 or 50 per cent. of the cucumbers grown in this country have been exported to Germany," said a Covent Garden salesman yesterday to *The Daily Mirror*.

CYCLIST'S FATAL FRICTION.

An Army airman, who was testing a new machine, flying from Farnborough came down on Giggis Hill, Thames Ditton, about 10.15 yesterday morning.

A grocer named Wylis who was cycling by at the time thought the machine was coming down on top of him, and the shock caused him to fall off his machine. When picked up he was found to be dead.

MYSTERY OF £50,000 THEFT ON LINER

A sum of £50,000 dispatched by a London banking firm to New York was reported yesterday to have been missing when the liner in which the money was sent reached New York.

No communication having been made to the police on this side, it is believed that the money was intact when the liner left England.



The London Geographical Institute. GEORGE PHILIP & SON, LTD. 32, Fleet Street, E.C. Map of the Dardanelles, showing the forts. A reference to this morning's news will show the progress made.

RHEIMS BOMBARDED ALL DAY—"ONE SHELL EVERY THREE MINUTES."

How Huns Wreak Their Revenge on Treasured Glories of France.

ALLIES ARE NOW MASTERS IN ARGONNE.

One Division Holds Enemy While Main Attack Is Delivered at Another Point.

350 YARDS OF TRENCHES WON IN FURIOUS FIGHT.

The eighth month of the war has begun, and the Germans are now fighting desperately in an attempt to keep the Allies in check.

From all along the line from the sea to Switzerland there came good news yesterday.

In Belgium German trenches have been demolished by shell fire. In the Argonne the French now hold the upper hand, and in the Champagne German attacks have all failed.

Rheims once more has been violently bombarded by the revengeful Huns.

It is stated that 20,000 persons are living in cellars at Rheims. But the Huns care not for civilians.

They poured in a heavy fire lasting all day, one shell falling every three minutes. If the Huns cannot win it is evident they intend to destroy.

TWO GUARDS' REGIMENTS MEET DEFEAT.

Germans Attack "with Great Ferocity" but Are Hurdled Back in Champagne.

PARIS, March 4.—This afternoon's official communiqué says:—

In Belgium, on the dunes, our artillery demolished the enemy's trenches.

To the north of Arras, near Notre Dame de Lorette, the enemy captured an advanced trench recently constructed by us in immediate contact with the German lines.

The bombardment of Rheims lasted all the day, a shell falling every three minutes.

In Champagne it is announced that the German counter-attacks against the crest taken by us to the north-east of Mesnil were of a very violent character.

Two regiments of the Guard fought with great ferocity. The defeat of these efforts was complete.

There has been a cannonade in the Argonne with fresh progress on our part in the region of Vanquois.—Reuter.

AIRMAN FIRES MAGAZINE.

An official report issued in Paris and quoted in an Exchange telegram says:—

Concerning the aerial operations, one of our airmen, Captain Happe, bombarded the German powder magazine, Rottwill, north of Donauschingen.

His success was complete. Ten minutes after he had thrown the bombs the powder magazine was on fire and the flames rose to the height of 400 yards.

His entire raid, from start to finish, covered an area of about 190 miles.

During all this time a German aeroplane fired on the Gerardmer Hospital, but there were no victims and no damage was done.

TABLES TURNED ON HUNS

PARIS, March 3.—An official notice issued to the Press to-day gives an account of an engagement in the Argonne. The note says:—

It is now apparent that in the Argonne, where we have been constantly attacked since December, the tables have been turned for the last three weeks, and we have now obtained an undeniable advantage.

This result has been attained by a series of operations energetically carried out on the sides of wooded ravines.

These have made the extremely brave German forces in front of us realise that at a given point and at a given hour we are free to do what we will.

EXPLODED THREE MINES.

The note continues:—

It was necessary for one of our divisions to hold the enemy in front of it by a localised attack, and thus prevent him from effecting any transport of troops to other points of the front where we were attacking at the same time.

The scene of the operations was the region which stretches around Bagatelle towards the west, as far as the Fontaine aux Charnes and towards the south-east as far as the Four de Paris.

In order to execute the task which had been assigned to them our troops made three attacks, of which the principal one was delivered along

the ridge adjoining the ravine of Fontaine Madame.

Five companies had been told off for this attack.

Operations were begun at 8 a.m.

We exploded three mines under the enemy's trenches, while at the same time our artillery directed a violent fire against them.

Three minutes afterwards our columns debouched from the communication trenches.

The commander of the battalion, standing on the parapet, pointed out to each soldier the direction of attack.

COST OF BRILLIANT SUCCESS.

We charged the German positions, which we penetrated at three different points, killing all those who held them, seventy-five infantrymen and thirty pioneers.

We made four wounded prisoners and captured one mitrailleuse. By half-past eight we had taken at least 350 yards of the enemy's trenches.

It is true that this brilliant success cost us somewhat dear.

The four section commanders were put out of action, but our troops, stimulated by their example, passed the first line of the enemy's trenches and threw themselves into their connecting trenches and reached the second line, where they found enormous stores of ammunition and bombs.

From this moment our object might be considered achieved.

By the violence of our attack we had given the Germans the impression that we were making an attack in force, and not only did they not evacuate this sector, but they called up reinforcements.

This was precisely what we wished to effect. In order to assure ourselves of obtaining the desired results we only had to continue the action in such a way as to hold the enemy in this position. Our soldiers did not fail to do this.

The ground was torn up by shell fire in all directions and scarcely a trace of the trenches remained.

The position was held until two p.m., when a new attack by bayonet—this time by a whole battalion—was made against us.

The attack melted away under our fire.—Reuter.

20,000 LIVE IN CELLARS.

PARIS, March 4.—Messages from Rheims state that the last bombardment of the city, which commenced at 9 p.m. on Monday, lasted four hours, the Germans firing about 500 shells and causing a number of fires.

Twenty thousand persons are still living in cellars at Rheims.—Central News.

MERCY FOR RANK AND FILE OF AFRICAN REBELS.

Leaders and Men of Influence to Suffer Punishment for Revolt.

CAPTOWN, March 3.—In the House of Assembly General Smuts, Union Minister of Defence and Finance, in moving the second reading of the Indemnity Bill, traced the growth of the rebellion.

He considered three things had saved the country. First, the loyal support accorded to the Government by all sections of the people.

Secondly, the German expedition, the troops for which were available for the suppression of the rebellion.

The third factor was the Government's steady refusal for years past to surrender to pressure from several quarters to issue arms wholesale to the civilian population.

The Government had proposed to disqualify the rebels who surrendered before the amnesty for five years from bearing arms or serving on public bodies.

The Government further proposed a ten years' disqualification for those who surrendered or were captured after the amnesty.

The rebel leaders and men of influence would be tried by special Courts. The people who must bear the punishment were the leaders, not the rank and file.—Reuter.

RUSSIANS SMASH ENTIRE AUSTRIAN DIVISION.

Victory in Galicia and Offensive in Poland That May Overwhelm Foe.

PETROGRAD, March 3.—A communiqué issued here this evening says:—

On the Narew front we have captured German Army orders which say that prisoners must be taken at all cost in order that information may be obtained regarding the grouping of the Russian forces. To this end the use of traps and concealed pits is recommended.

The German troops have been ordered to requisition everything, even foodstuffs which they do not need, and to send them to the commissariat.

Some of the manoeuvres of the Germans are to be explained by their search for potatoes.

In the region of Stanislaw we completely routed the 28th Austrian Division and captured an ambulance, six doctors and a number of trains.

In the district of Grodno we continue to make daily captures of prisoners and of machine guns.

The Germans confine themselves to holding our offensive.—Reuter.

SO INSIGNIFICANT!

AMSTERDAM, March 3.—A dispatch from the German Main Headquarters says:—

After the marvellous capture of the strongly fortified town of Prasnys by one of our corps, which advanced from an eastern direction, the situation became critical for one day by the advance of three Russian army corps, which attacked the German wing from east, south-east and south, and forced the victorious German corps by a backward movement to give way against these superior forces.

This quite insignificant Russian success cannot be compared with the previous German storming of Prasnys, whereby we took over 10,000 prisoners and a great war booty.—Reuter.

THREE FOE CORPS IN DANGER.

PARIS, March 4.—M. Ludovic Naudet, telegraphing from Warsaw to the Journal, says:—

Prasnys is on the route which, after entering Prussitz to the west of the famous Masurian Lakes, winds round the locality to terminate at a junction road leading to Konigsberg.

The success of our Allies at Prasnys, therefore, throws open to them the Prussian frontier at the very spot which is most fraught with danger to the enemy.

The arrival of a Russian army to the west of the Masurian Lakes would have incalculable consequences, and a fresh effort on the part of the Germans may be anticipated to ward off a blow which may well prove mortal to them.

This victory, if it has further developments, will singularly compromise the situation of the German army which, further to the east, are operating on the left bank of the Niemen.

Another Russian victory in this direction and the whole of the German armies which have ventured to the east of the Masurian Lakes will be precipitately crushed.—Exchange.

GLOOMY BERLIN.

COPENHAGEN, March 3.—According to private dispatches from Berlin, rather a pessimistic view is taken by informed quarters in the German capital of the position in the Carpathians.

It is now admitted that the Russians, after their retreat in Bukovina, assembled very large reinforcements, so that the entire Russian forces in Galicia are now estimated at about 1,000,000 men.

The Russians also are operating now nearer to their base of supply, while the Germans and Austrians are almost cut off from communication by the high mountains.

All supplies of ammunition and food have to be taken over the mountains on mules.

The heavy guns have had to be left behind.

It is evident that the Russians are bringing up enormous forces in this region, and it will certainly be long before the Austro-German Armies are able to break through.—Central News.

FORCING THEIR WAY UP STRAITS.

Fierce Shelling of Forts That Guard the Narrows of Dardanelles.

11 WARSHIPS ATTACK.

The Allies are smashing their way up the Dardanelles, and doing the work very thoroughly, as the messages given below show.

Athens telegrams report that ten British warships were yesterday shelling the forts inside the Dardanelles, and that another British warship was shelling the Turks from the Gulf of Saros.

The official statement by the Admiralty, given in the greater part of yesterday's Daily Mirror, shows that during Monday night the straits were swept clear of mines to within a mile and a half of Cape Kephez, which is twelve miles from the entrance.

It also stated that during the following night the work of the mine-sweepers was continued.

A message from Athens (via Rome), says the Central News, states that the Allied Fleet has destroyed the batteries and forts at Kilit Bahr and Chanak.

Chanak is fifteen miles up the Dardanelles, on the east coast of the Narrows, and Kilit Bahr is on the opposite shore.

BURNED TO DEATH.

ATHENS, March 4.—Ten British warships are bombarding the forts inside the Dardanelles and another is shelling the Turks from the Gulf of Saros.

British landing parties have found in the destroyed forts heaps of bodies, both Turkish and German, which had been incinerated in the ruins.—Central News.

ATHENS, March 4.—The bombardment of the interior forts was resumed this morning by ten cruisers. A British officer has declared that

P. 1906

Private James Slim, a native of Jamaica, who has enlisted in the Coldstream Guards. He first of all joined the Foreign Legion in France and was wounded.

only two of the forts now remain intact. The charred remains of a number of dead Turkish soldiers have been found on the destroyed forts.—Exchange.

ROME, March 4.—The Athens correspondent of the Messaggero telegraphs that the French Fleet, while subjecting the lines at Bulair to a violent bombardment yesterday, blew up several ammunition depots. Central News.

AIR BOMBS ON CHANAK.

ROME, March 3 (received March 4).—A telegram from Athens to the Giornale d'Italia states that yesterday and to-day aeroplanes bombarded the forts around Chanak with brilliant success.—Central News.

ATHENS, March 3.—The bombardment was resumed this morning, when fifty-two ships entered the Straits. Four battleships bombarded the Turkish positions on the Gulf of Saros.—Reuter.

ATHENS, March 1 (delayed).—According to reports received from Mytilene and Tenedos, the Allied Fleet has destroyed the batteries at Kilit Bahr and Bana Kale.

It is stated that the first detachment of the troops forming the military expedition, including Canadians and Senegalese under the command of General d'Amade, has arrived off the straits.

The three submarines which Turkey received by the overland route from Germany have not yet been put together and cannot be used.—Reuter.

THE TERRIBLE TURK.

AMSTERDAM, March 4.—A Constantinople message says that the enemy fired 600 shells at the Dardanelles forts without any success.

The Turkish batteries replied, and shot away the rear part of a ship carrying an admiral's flag. The hostile ships were repeatedly hit.

A private telegram says one torpedo-boat was sunk.—Central News.



A ship which, owing to an accident, stuck fast on the slipway while she was being launched on the Tyne.

A BOY TO COMMAND

P. 14066



Stanis Lewa Ordinski, who is only sixteen years of age, is the youngest officer in the Austrian Army.

CEYLON PATRIOT.

P. 14066



Mr. Charles H. Kalé, a veterinary surgeon of Ceylon, who gave up a lucrative profession to enlist in England.

A VERY CHARMING DEBUTANTE.

P. 1426 B



Lady Mary Hamilton, daughter of the Duke of Abercorn, who will be a debutante of the coming season. She is the eldest of five children, having two brothers and two sisters.

"SISTER SUSIES" OF AMERICA GET BUSY.

P. 1429 A



Girl students of the Wellesley College occupying all their spare time in the grounds knitting for the comfort of the fighting armies. Although they are "neutral" knitters, a lot of their work gets into the hands of the soldiers of the Allies, who are very grateful to these fair students.

A GREAT GUNNER.

P. 1426 B



William Ruf, gun pointer aboard the U.S.S. Texas, who, it is said, has broken the world's record in marksmanship.

To-day's Toilet Hints.

A RARE COLLECTION OF BEAUTY HINTS FROM NEAR AND FAR—HOME RECIPES.

Getting Rid of Feminine Moustaches.

"Practical Suggestions."

To women who are annoyed by disfiguring downy hair growth is a method of permanently eradicating the same will come as a piece of good news. For this purpose pure powdered phenol may be used. Almost any chemist should be able to supply an ounce of this drug. The recommended treatment is designed not only to remove the disfiguring growth instantly, leaving no trace, but also to actually kill the hair roots without irritating the skin. * * * Objectionable body odours resulting from perspiration and other causes may be instantly banished by simply applying a little powdered (white) percol to the affected surface occasionally.

How to have Thick and Pretty Hair.

"Home Talents."

Soaps and artificial shampoos ruin many beautiful heads of hair. Few people know that a teaspoonful of good stallax dissolved in a cup of hot water has a natural affinity for the hair and makes the most delightful shampoo imaginable. It leaves the hair brilliant, soft and wavy, cleanses the scalp completely and greatly stimulates the hair growth. The only drawback is that stallax seems rather expensive. It comes to the chemist only in sealed 4lb. packages, which retail at half a crown. However, as this is sufficient for twenty-five or thirty shampoos, it really works out very cheaply in the end.

Blackheads, Oily Pores, etc.

A unique new method instantly removes and corrects them.

The new sparkling face-bath treatment rids the skin of blackheads, oiliness and enlarged pores almost instantly. It is perfectly harmless, pleasant and immediately effective. All you have to do is to drop a stymol tablet, obtained from the chemists, in a glass of hot water, and after the resulting effervescence has subsided dab the affected portions of the face freely with the liquid. When you dry the face you will find that the blackheads come right off on the towel, the large pores contract and efface themselves and the greasiness is all gone, leaving the skin smooth, soft and cool. This treatment should be repeated a few times at intervals of several days in order to make sure that the result shall be permanent.

Grey Hair Unnecessary.

A simple, old-fashioned, home-made lotion that will restore the colour of youth.

One need not resort to the very questionable expedient of hair dye in order not to have grey hair. The grey hair can easily be changed back to a natural colour in a few days' time merely by the application of a simple, old-fashioned and perfectly harmless home-made lotion. Procure from your chemist an ounce of tannin concentrate and mix it with four ounces of bay rum. Apply this to the hair a few times with a small sponge and you will soon have the pleasure of seeing your grey hair gradually darkening to the desired shade. The lotion is pleasant, not sticky or greasy, and does not injure the hair in any way.

PARKER BELMONT'S CLYNOL BERRIES FOR OBESITY.—(Advt.)

VENO'S LIGHTNING COUGH CURE

The Ideal family remedy. Containing no opium, morphine, paregoric, or other harmful drug. Cures all ages.

COUGHS, COLDS & INFLUENZA

Veno's is the surest and speediest cure for these winter ills, the best protection against more serious dangers.

CHILDREN'S COUGHS

Soon yield to Veno's—even Whooping cough. And there is no trouble in giving it, children simply love Veno's.

Large Trial Bottle 9½¢. One size 25¢ and 50¢. From chemists and stores everywhere. Refuse substitutes, they are not just as good as Veno's.

Daily Mirror

FRIDAY, MARCH 5, 1915.

WHAT WE GIVE UP.

VERY EARLY in the war, certain wisecracks raised the problem of renunciations and discussed the things that ought to be given up by other people in order that "the war should be brought home to them."

Some of such grave heads thereupon "thought it would be a good thing" if the poorer children in elementary schools were to go without a traditional egg on Christmas Day. That would "learn 'em" to be poor children in war time and would prompt them to ask, with the little boy in *Punch*, "how the hens know that we are fighting the Germans?" This blow at elementary eggs, however, was, we believe, withheld. But still there ought to be some way of bringing the war home to them? An improvement on the egg idea was suggested, a day or two ago, at the meeting of the London County Council Education Committee, where somebody recommended that, owing to the war, the award of book prizes to pupils in the county secondary schools should be discontinued. Why should merit be rewarded and industry encouraged in war time? By giving up these prizes the war would be brought home to the children and £345 would be saved. The recommendation was agreed to.

This is a good example of the sort of things we give up in war time—prizes for children, Christmas superadded eggs, a penny wise, a pound foolish. And, above all, bring the war home to somebody else, please! If we're pretty well off ourselves, we know there's a war on. One must discriminate. One must visit the sins of the fathers.

Meanwhile, a foreigner, surprised at our eccentricities, cannot understand the state of mind of those whom nothing will induce to see the irrelevancy of race-meetings and drink. These keep on braving all opposition, duly sanctioned and powerfully protected habits as they are. If anybody thinks it unseemly that people should gape after horses this spring, and fling their money about in the usual futile "results," why he is at once reminded that people live by these things and must go on living, however their comrades may die out there in France and Belgium. The sacred maxim—business as usual, even if that business be such as to make us mocked in the sight of Europe. And we feel indeed that here, as in many other matters, it may seem—perhaps is—priggish to protest; because, really, if people feel like race-meetings, then there may as well be race-meetings for them to go to, and frills for parading fair ones, and plenty of gin for the men. If the war must be "brought home" let it not affect these mighty national industries! Let us knock off an egg here and a prize there. Let us teach infants how to appreciate a crisis.

The things we give up and the things we cleave to are, in sum, amazingly chosen in this war. We are not surprised at a certain courteous astonishment shown by our Allies. They must conclude merely that the insular atmosphere is, paradoxically, less exposed to squalls than the continental. And again, wasn't the gallant captain playing bowls when that Armada sailed into sight?

W. M.

IN MY GARDEN.

March 4.—There are many early-flowering bulbs that bear blue flowers. To-day the chionodoxas "glory of the snow" begin to open. It is impossible to have too many of these flowers in the spring garden; let them be planted in masses or in a border that contains other early-flowering subjects.

The Siberian scillas are also coming up and will soon lay a carpet of rich blue over the ground. If the Penny, or old double, daffodil is set with these pretty subjects a charming effect will be obtained. Soon, too, the blue anemones will be seen—lovely plants for shady nooks.

E. F. T.

LOOKING THROUGH "THE MIRROR."

SINGING ON THE MARCH.

IT IS A curious thing that in battalions in which the men have been training since last autumn there is but very little singing now when the men are marching home after the day's work. At the time they were recruits these same men had quite an inexhaustible number of songs, which they rendered on almost every possible opportunity. Now, however, when marching "easy," they are far more subdued, and it is quite a rare occurrence for them to sing for any length of time.

One battalion I have particularly noticed has recently had the news that they are shortly to be sent to the firing line, and this has obviously cheered up the men wonderfully. But, although there is now little suggestion of staleness about

we were was a piano, and one of our good English friends installed himself at it and begged me to sing the "Marseillaise." I did so gladly and afterwards sang the English National Anthem, desiring then to slip away (for there were duties to be done), but the English would not hear of it (ne l'entendait pas de cette oreille là). I was their prisoner, and I had to sing all the patriotic songs I knew! Never in my life have I been so much applauded and so heartily greeted!

AN ENGLISHWOMAN.

ONLY DUTIFUL.

LET your correspondents who talk glibly about the duty incumbent upon other people to have children consider this: We are all of us somebody's children; how do we regard our parents?

FOOTBALL AND RACING ENTHUSIASTS IN WAR TIME



Great Britain is the only country that keeps on with its sports and racing at this tremendous time. The best men, however, are all at the front, and (apart from soldiers on leave) the sort who would want to watch racing and football now are mainly of the knock-kneed cheap-cigarette-smoking type. —(By Mr. W. K. Haselden.)

them, it is only on rare occasions that they burst into song whilst trudging the country lanes. I fancy, however, when the day for their departure for the front arrives there will be a revival in the song line, and all the old ones, which helped to pass away many a mile a few months ago, will again prove their popularity.

J. F. W.

THE PEOPLE'S FRIENDSHIP.

ON FRIDAY LAST (February 26) an interesting article appeared in *The Daily Mirror* on "The People's Friendship" and the good relations which ought to exist between our soldiers and their French comrades in the war. Perhaps the following extract from a letter written by a Frenchwoman may prove of interest, as showing the sentiments entertained towards our men by our warm-hearted Allies.

She writes: "Our papers say—'The English soldiers on the battlefields are admirable for their courage and dash. As companions in arms they are the best comrades that one could find.' The husband of one of my friends wrote lately to his wife—'After the departure of the Germans in a little town on the Marne, which they had evacuated, we found ourselves together, several English and French soldiers. In the café where

I think I may justly claim to be a dutiful daughter, and I try all I'm worth to shut my eyes to even the most blatant defects in my mother's character, but for the life of me I cannot love my mother as I should want to be loved. So, you see, I cannot forget that if in the years to come I were to have any children they might regard me as I now regard my mother—dutifully!"

H. M.

COMING SPRING.

Frost-locked all the winter,
Seeds, and roots, and stones of fruits,
What shall make their sap ascend
That they may put forth shoots?
Tips of tender green,
Leaf, or blade, or sheath:
Telling of the hidden life
That breaks forth underneath,
Life nursed in its grave by Death.
Blows the thaw-wind pleasantly,
Drips the soaking rain.
By its looks down the waking sun:
Young grass springs on the plain:
Young leaves clothe early hedgerow trees;
Seeds, and roots, and stones of fruits,
Swollen with sap put forth their shoots;
Curled-headed ferns sprout in the lane;
Birds sing and pair again.

—CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

MARRIAGE PROBLEMS

How Domestic Life is Changed by the Newer Points of View.

WHEN CHILDREN COME.

THE remarks of some of your correspondents will not be received by your readers unchallenged, I feel sure. One says that nineteen out of twenty unhappy marriages are caused by having children.

I wonder from what Blue-book he is quoting? Considering that nineteen out of twenty married couples do have children, the world, according to his ideas, is, indeed, an unhappy place. My dear "Experienced Married Man," do try again. I wonder what is your conception of "Home, Sweet Home?"

Your correspondent's "greatest obstacle" to happy marriages seems to arise on account of the child being ill and the mother in consequence being unable to accompany him to the theatre (I take it that the child is not constantly ill). The obvious solution of employing a nurse seems to have escaped him.

Has he not found a more serious and deeper side of life? Isn't life more enjoyable and brimful of happiness, in having children and a home worthily of the name? He appears to me to be a bad sportsman, seeking only the pleasure of married life and shirking his natural responsibilities in an inhuman and unnatural manner.

ANOTHER EXPERIENCED MARRIED MAN.

THEIR DIFFERENT STANDPOINTS.

WHY blink the fact that men and women face marriage from different standpoints?

For a woman to taunt a man with remaining celibate is as unfair and ridiculous as for a man to taunt a woman with desiring marriage. It is all a question of sex; and thank goodness wise people to-day are not afraid to say so!

What evolution has in store it is difficult to say, but in our present stage of physical and social development these facts emerge: a virile man's energies are directed into many channels—in his work, his hobbies, his love, and this last is most of a mystery to him; he hardly knows to what it points him.

With a woman it is very different. At the first call of love she sees with clear eyes the path she must tread to its end—marriage!

PERMANENT NEGLECT.

MARRIAGE is always such a failure because the husband can rely upon permanent neglect after about a year of married life.

If they are childless, then his wife will neglect him for pleasure and amusement, while, if they have a family, she will neglect him for the children. All that a man gets out of marriage is the privilege of paying, and that is his to the fullest extent.

MATRIMONY.

SELFISH MARRIED MEN.

WITH great interest I read in this morning's issue of your paper (March 3, 1915) a letter on selfish married men. Nature has dealt out pretty fairly to both sexes a share of selfishness, and, a married woman myself, I admit to having my full share. I am very much in love with my husband, however.

They say love is blind, but if one really loves it hurts to see the obvious fault in the loved one, and it is very plain my husband is an extremely selfish man.

He does not think he is, but to me it seems that the more I strive to consider him first, the more he takes it for granted that our baby and myself need no consideration at all. I should like people to say, "That man has a grand nature," and I am told he lacks of a grand lies in the hands of his wife.

A.V.E.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

The sun passeth through pollutions, and itself remains as pure as before.—*Bacon*.

ROLLING ON DREADNOUGHT RINK

3360



Roller skating, as shown in this photograph taken on one of our Dreadnought battleships, is very popular with our sailors in their spare time, when they are not looking for Germany's "High Canal Fleet." The two men who have "come a cropper" seem to be perfectly happy.

QUEEN-MOTHER'S GIFT.

2702



This beautiful drinking-cup has been given by Queen Alexandra to be sold, with other valuables, at Christie's in aid of the British Red Cross Society.

BRITISH SNIPERS.

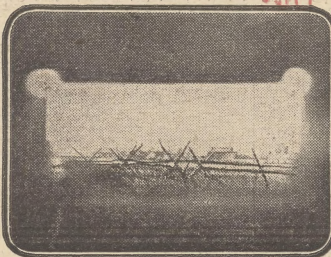
3331 E



British snipers in a wood on the Continent pay back the enemy in his own coin. They are all picked marksmen.

A PERISCOPE VIEW.

35174



A view from a French trench as seen in a periscope. The houses were occupied by Germans.

A LITTLE RECRUITING MAN.



The little son of Brigadier-General Erskine, with a well-known recruiting sergeant of the Scots Guards, is taking a hand in the recruiting business in Edinburgh. The little fellow looks every inch a soldier in his regimentals.

PUTTING A FINISH ON "K OF K'S" NEW HOUSE.

3660



Putting the finishing touches to York House, St. James's, where Lord Kitchener will shortly take up his residence. President Poincaré was the last occupant. Lord Kitchener is taking up his residence to-morrow.

COLDSTREAMS.

P. 17066



James Slim, a native of Jamaica and a colored man, who has enlisted in the Coldstreams. He was originally in the French Foreign Legion, when he was wounded, but afterwards obtained special permission to join the British Army.

RUSSIA'S HOLY WAR AGAINST THE HUNS.

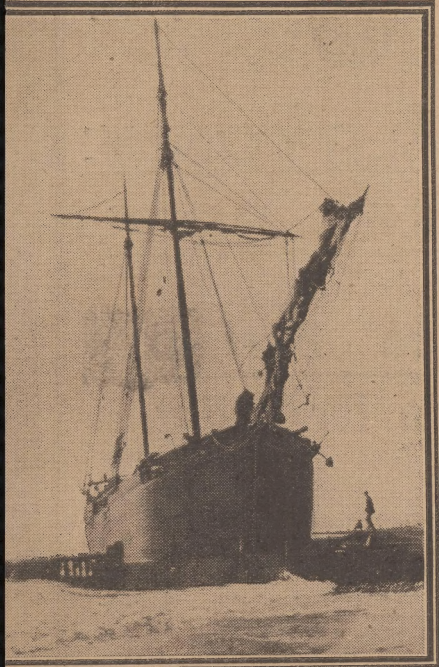
P. 72 C.



This remarkable and moving photograph illustrates the religious spirit in which Russia is waging war against the Hun empires of Germany and Austria. A Russian priest is seen solemnly blessing the guns on a snow-covered battlefield, while large companies of bare-headed soldiers, about to risk their lives for the cause of the Allies, stand reverently watching the ceremony.

SHIP GOES ASHORE OFF WORTHING.

P. 2075 F



The King's Hill, the ship which went ashore on Wednesday off Worthing. The Worthing lifeboat went to its assistance, and one of the crew was drowned. The King's Hill is still in this position.

TURKEY'S FOE.

P. 4592 B



Enver Pasha, the chief of the Turkish Suicide Club, who has delivered Turkey into ruin at the Kaiser's orders.

YOUNG FLYER.

P. 17066



Flight Sub-Lieutenant T. F. Driscoll, R.N., now at the Royal Naval Air Station at Hendon. He is only twenty.

BATHING THE SHIP'S MONKEY MASCOT.

P. 676 E



Every ship in the British Navy has some sort of living pet on board which is regarded as a mascot. This monkey is the mascot of one of our destroyers. He is given a tub every morning. Judging by the picture, he does not enjoy the operation, but it is good for him.

THIS IS A STORY THAT GRIPS AND INSPIRES.

RICHARD CHATTERTON, V.C.

A Romance of Love and Honour.

By RUBY M. AYRES.



"A laggard in love and a laggard in war, What did they give him his manhood for?"

New Readers Begin Here.

CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

RICHARD CHATTERTON, an easy-going young fellow who has allowed himself, to become slack.

SONIA MARKHAM, a charming girl who abominates cowardice in any form.

LADY MERRIAM, a good-natured soul, who manages introductions into society.

FRANCIS MONTAGUE, Chatterton's rival for Sonia. He limps through an accident.

RICHARD CHATTERTON is doing in his club-room. He is dozing not because he particularly wants to, but because he has nothing better to do. He is not really a slacker at heart, but he badly wants rousing out of himself.

Just lately his lady serenity has been ruffled by one or two little disturbing accidents. One of them in particular is concerned with the charming girl he is engaged to—Sonia Markham.

As Richard Chatterton's thoughts drift on, he begins to realise more definitely that a shadow of something has begun to creep between them of late. It is very unpleasant, as Sonia—and her wealth—suit him admirably.

His reflections are interrupted by the sound of voices. From where he sits low down in an armchair, Richard Chatterton cannot be seen. He recognises the voices of old Jardine and Montague—Montague, who is to be his best man. As usual, they are talking about the war—and Chatterton is fed up with hearing about the war.

Suddenly Chatterton listens more alertly. "Why doesn't Dick Chatterton go to the front?" old Jardine is saying; "a great, healthy fellow like he is." "Dick's a slacker and always will be," replies Montague. "He's not likely to touch it," says Chatterton. "He's not likely to touch it," says Chatterton. "He's not likely to touch it," says Chatterton.

He doesn't care two straws about her—it's only the money he's after. . . . After a few more words they go out.

Richard Chatterton feels as though a stream of ice water had been sprayed down his back. Did they think he was afraid to go out? He had thought of doing so, he told himself. But he couldn't very well, as Sonia cared for him so much. He is shaken with a variety of emotions. Finally, he goes off to Lady Merriam's, with whom Sonia is staying.

Sonia's pretty eyes look at him in a curious way. The only question she asks is for the latest news of the war. The shy happiness with which she used to greet him has gone. For the first time Richard wonders if she, too, believes that he is marrying her for her money.

Sonia suddenly asks him why he doesn't let his valet, Carter, enlist. "Why not?" he asks. "You're recruiting fever?" Richard tries to say lightly. "You'll be trying to pack me off next, and Montague."

"Mr. Montague would have gone if he hadn't had that accident," replies Sonia. "he is not a coward." Richard finishes up, "It is of no use my saying anything." "We seem to get on each other's nerves."

Ruffled and very angry, Richard leaves the house. He thinks of Montague; he will have it out with him. But Montague is not in, and Richard sits down to wait.

While he is waiting the telephone rings, and as no one answers it he takes up the receiver. "Who's the motorist?" he hears Sonia speaking. "Francis," she says. "I'm going to see what you ask me. I saw Richard to-day, and I can't marry him. He's the Franklins' day-to-night. He'll come away with you and he'll marry you with you like."

At the dance, which Richard Chatterton attends, Sonia speaks to Montague about her telephone message. To her horror, he tells her that he never had her message.

Instinctively, Sonia knows that it was Richard who had received the message. But when he comes to her, sick at heart and realising what he is losing, Sonia, believing Montague's insinuations about him, breaks off her engagement with him.

Richard Chatterton, blind with jealousy, strides away and runs straight into Montague. There is a violent scene, and all pretence of friendship is broken down.

SONIA BREAKS THE NEWS.

LADY MERRIAM looked up with a smile when old Jardine brought Sonia back to her chamber.

Her ladyship had just finished a very hearty supper, which she had thoroughly enjoyed, and was in consequence feeling on particularly good terms with herself and everyone else.

She was a middle-aged woman, inclined to be stout, and with a reputation for having been the greatest rip of her day.

Looking at her now, as she leaned back amongst a pile of cushions, it was difficult to believe; but old Jardine could remember when as a slim, high-spirited girl she had set the whole of London talking with stories of her escapades.

She had run away with Merriam, the penniless younger son of a younger son, and he had considerably died before she had had time to regret it.

Twenty years' happiness had seen the end of her romance, and she had never remarried.

She added to her minute income by "introducing" the daughters of the nouveau riche, and a very good harvest she made out of it.

(Translation, dramatic, and all other rights secured.)

When her friends told her she ought to marry again she only laughed.

"I'm too old for romance," she would say. "The only thing I really enjoy now is a good dinner. Oh, I know it sounds horribly greedy, but it's the truth."

She moved her skirts a little to make room for Sonia on the couch beside her.

Well, are you enjoying it, my dear? she asked. Sonia did not answer.

"I think Miss Markham is tired," old Jardine said, in his kind voice. "If she spoke the truth I am sure she would say she wanted to go home." Lady Merriam looked alarmed.

"Heavens! are you ill, child? And where is Richard Chatterton?"

Sonia rose to her feet. She felt as if she could not stand another moment of this strain.

Oh, I should like to go, if you think we might, she said, pleadingly. Mr. Jardine could explain for us . . . and—there isn't any need for Richard to leave."

Lady Merriam said: "Stuff and nonsense! It's his place to look after you. If he can't do it now what on earth's going to happen when you're married?"

The colour rushed to Sonia's face. She bit her lip hard, and Jardine felt terribly sorry for her. He rushed into the breach by offering to go and find Richard.

"If he's dancing I can't very well bring him along," he said, diplomatically. "So if we're not back in ten minutes don't you wait, Lady Merriam."

But it was never twenty before Lady Merriam consented to be dragged off to the cloak-room.

Richard is most lax—most lax," she said vexedly to Sonia as they were driving away in the hired car, for which Sonia paid. "I think you are not sufficiently exacting, Sonia. It's just as necessary to treat a man as you would train a child, and Richard is naturally selfish."

Sonia tried to steady her voice. "I am not," she began, but Lady Merriam went on without heeding her.

"Of course, he's quite a nice boy, and I can quite understand your infatuation for him, but—"

Sonia broke in desperately.

"I am not in the least infatuated with him; it's all been a mistake." She felt ashamed and miserable; the thought of the romantic love she had given to this man scorched her. In her heart she was idealist; she hated to feel that she had been so thoroughly mistaken in him. She supposed wretchedly that it was his appearance that had deceived her; he looked so thoroughly manly and strong.

Lady Merriam was staring at her with blank eyes.

"I suppose you've quarrelled," she said at last with a sort of gasping resignation. "Well I suppose even the most devoted people quarrel sometimes; but with their wedding day so near—" She gave a little vexed sigh.

"However, I dare say he'll be round on his knees in the morning, asking forgiveness."

Sonia felt an insane desire to laugh, and yet there were sobs struggling in her throat.

"I don't think he's likely to come either to-morrow or any other day," she said painfully. "We've—we've—the engagement's broken off."

" . . . either to-morrow or any other day." Her own words struck her heart with a sense of deadly loss.

Once she had only lived for his coming; once the sound of his step or the ring of his voice had made her heart race and the colour fly to her face; but now . . . it had all been a mistake. She felt as if she had been deceived.

She had never been what she thought him, she had just created a hero in her own imagination and endowed him with Chatterton's face and figure.

" . . . not to-morrow or any other day."

It was all at an end; and there was nothing to each other any more. She tried to be brave; that she was glad, but there was a horrible sinking at her heart, a desolation she was afraid to face.

Lady Merriam said "Good heavens!" and then, "Oh, good heavens!" again and again.

She let the window of the car down with a run, she loosened the wrap about her throat, as if she were choking.

"Of course, you're not serious, Sonia," she said, in the deadly calm voice of one who fully realises that what she has just heard is perfectly true, but obstinately refuses to admit it.

"I never was more serious in my life."

Lady Merriam went on: "Oh, I know. I've had quarrels myself. Poor Merriam and I had the worst row of our lives the night before we ran away. I swore I would never marry him, and he even went so far as to say that he hoped to heaven I never should. But his blessing was turned up at the church in the morning as meek as a lamb, and there he was, waiting at the door in his best suit and with a face as white as a sheet for fear I shouldn't come. And nobody was ever more happily married than we were. You'll be laughing at all this next week, Sonia."

Sonia did not reply. In the subdued light from the roof of the car her pretty face looked white and set. Lady Merriam tried to take her hand.

"Forgive him, child," she said anxiously. "He's really made up his mind, and they're none of them perfect. I don't know what he's done, but whatever it is, I dare say he's sorry enough for it by this time. He's had his own way too long, that's the trouble, but if he's really fond of you, and I am sure he is—"

Sonia laughed mirthlessly.

"Fond of my money and my vale, you mean," she said in a hard voice.

"Well, it's the truth; it's been at the back of my mind all along, but I wouldn't see it, I—I suppose I was too fond of him—too foolish," she said, her lip to steady its trembling.

"However, I'm glad I really found out before we were married; it would have killed me if I hadn't known it till afterwards."

THE RECRUIT.

LADY MERRIAM leaned back with a look of utter helplessness. "And the wedding?" she asked faintly.

"We must put an announcement in the papers; that's the usual thing, isn't it? I don't suppose people will be altogether surprised," Sonia added bitterly.

"Your wedding dress came home last night," Lady Merriam went on. She was talking like a sleep-walker; she could not simply could not believe that she had said it.

She had entered heart and soul into this marriage. She had been so triumphant to have the richest debutante of the season married from her house; and now, to have all her dearest plans knocked on the head. . . .

"And the wedding cake ordered . . ." she said, almost in tears. "And Francis Montague to be best man . . ." She looked at Sonia with sudden suspicion. "Does Montague know?" she demanded.

For the life of her Sonia could not keep back the burning flush that flooded her face; the suspicion in Lady Merriam's eyes deepened to conviction.

"I always distrusted that man," she said involuntarily. "I always knew that in his heart he was really no friend of Richard Chatterton's."

"It's nothing to do with him; I broke the engagement of my own free will."

"He's been playing up for it for months; I always knew he was in love with you, never could understand why Richard allowed him to be eternally at your heels."

"Richard never cared. He never cared who

was with me as long as I made no exactions on his time and attention."

"Sonia, you're not trying to tell me that you've thrown Richard over for Francis Montague!" There was disgust in Lady Merriam's voice. Sonia stammered her reply.

"I've not thrown him over for anyone; I wish you wouldn't use that expression. I simply found out that I'd made a mistake; I don't want to marry anyone at all . . . There were tears in her voice."

"With all his faults, Richard is twice the man Montague will ever be," Lady Merriam went on vehemently. "I distrust these devoted sort of creatures who would lie down and let you walk over them. Give me a man who doesn't crawl! The way Montague has traded on that lame leg of his makes me sick; he runs it for all he's worth; he likes to be fussed over and made much of. Now, if he'd had a German bullet through it, I should have more sympathy, but the accident was entirely his own fault. The way he used to march about the roads in that car of his was a public danger."

"He would have gone to the war if it hadn't happened."

"Would he? I doubt it; however, that's neither here nor there. It's quite easy to shout patriotism when you know there's no chance of ever being called upon to show it in a practical way; not that I wish to be uncharitable, but if you're thinking of marrying him, I consider it's my duty to tell you you're making a mistake."

"He's not straight—oh, I don't mean that he cheats at cards or steals," she broke out, impatiently, as Sonia tried to protest. "But there are other ways of being crooked; little ways that are difficult to bring home; he's the sort of man who would do his friend a shabby turn if he got the chance and, apparently, he has got this chance . . ."

Sonia was trembling; she could not understand her own emotions; it was much more that she hated to hear Chatterton defended than that she minded hearing Lady Merriam's opinion of Francis Montague.

"He isn't a coward, at any rate," she burst out, passionately.

There was a moment's silence, then—

"So that's it, is it?" said Lady Merriam, blankly; she looked at Sonia with a strange expression in her eyes; suddenly she leaned over and kissed the girl's white face.

"I don't know whether to be proud of you or scold you. There are scores of women in London to-day moving heaven and earth to keep their men from going to the war, but you . . . Well, I suppose you're right."

She left Sonia to herself after that till they reached home.

She said good-night to Sonia in the hall, and stood watching her as she went up the wide staircase. There was something very lonely and pathetic about the girl's white figure, she thought, as she remembered pityingly that she

(Continued on page 11.)

IF CONSTIPATED TAKE "CALIFORNIA SYRUP OF FIGS."

Delicious "regulator" for stomach, liver and bowels, for mamma, daddy and children.

as effective for grandpa as it is for baby. It simply cannot injure. Even cross, sick, feverish children just love its pleasant taste and mothers can rest easy after giving it, because it never fails to effect a good "inside cleansing."

If you are headachy, constipated, bilious, or if the stomach is disordered and you want to enjoy the nicest liver and bowel cleansing you ever experienced, take a tablespoonful of "California Syrup of Figs" to-night and in the morning all the constipation poison, bile and clogged-up waste will gently move out of the system without griping and you will feel splendid.

Every member of the family should use this fruit laxative as occasion demands. It is just

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Ask your chemist for a bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has full directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups plainly printed on the bottle. Beware of counterfeits sold here. Get the genuine, made by "California Fig Syrup Company." Refuse any other kind with contempt. "California Syrup of Figs" is sold by all leading chemists, 1s. 1½d. and 1s. 9d.

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Ask for Dri-ped Sole Leather on all your family's footwear—and don't accept a substitute. The 'Dri-ped Diamond' in purple is your only guarantee. Unbranded green coloured leather is sometimes sold as Dri-ped—but it isn't.

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THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP

A Khaki Pony Show.

I wandered up to the Pony Show at the Agricultural Hall yesterday, but it was not the Pony Show of other years. There was life enough there, and though the entries were smaller than usual by a full hundred, it was not that that made the difference. There was an absence of the old-time country life atmosphere. It was a soldiers' show almost. There was khaki, khaki everywhere.

Best of All Joys.

Only in one section did one find things almost unchanged. The Shetlands, shaggy, little toys that they seem, still attracted their usual crowd of juvenile admirers. And though the youngsters' escorts were often in the ubiquitous khaki—or sometimes in mourning—the children seemed for the while to have forgotten the tragedies and glories of "out there." And how they loved the Shetlands. Was there ever a child yet that did not think the end of all earthly joys would be to have a Shetland to ride?

Mind the Painter.

If you are visiting the London Hospital and happen to come across a jolly, red-faced man sketching wounded "Tommys," don't be too free with your advice on drawing. He may be an A.R.A., for the London Hospital sometimes sees Mr. John Lavery there now engaged on a war picture. By birth, humour and genius, Mr. Lavery is an Irishman, fifty-seven years of age. He was one of the founders of the celebrated Glasgow school, and his pictures appear in most of the world's capitals.



Mr. John Lavery.

And so does Mr. Lavery. When Lord Leighton saw Lavery's picture "A Tennis Party" in the Paris Salon he is reported to have said: "This is the sort of picture we ought to have had in the Academy." And the joke was that it was hung at Burlington House in the previous year.

A Rink Picture.

At Wengen, in Switzerland, a couple of winters ago, I remember how we used to watch Mr. Lavery painting a wonderful picture of the skating rink full of shimmering colour and reflected light from snow and ice. Most of us could hardly make head or tail of "how it was done." For Lavery used long brushes and appeared to make random dashes at the canvas in the most casual way. But the finished work was a dream picture of sunshine and snow.

Burnt Tower of Constantinople.

I wonder if, now that the Allies' Fleet is on the high road to Constantinople, the Turks have made any fresh effort to support the tottering old column in Stamboul known as the Burnt Tower. Many, many years ago a Turkish prophet announced that when the tower fell, so also would the Turkish Empire in Europe crumble with it, and his prophecy is whole-heartedly believed in Constantinople. So strong is this superstition that when the Young Turks dethroned Abdul Hamid some six years ago they immediately girded the tower with thick iron bands and staves that they might save their country from disaster.

History for the Young.

From a country house near Moscow, where *The Daily Mirror* goes regularly, a reader sends me an amusing story. "My little four-year-old girl begged me to give her a history lesson the other day," she writes. "Not knowing how to adapt history to so youthful a mind, I began by asking the name of the King of England. I then proceeded to ask the name of the German Emperor. The answer was prompt, if unexpected.

Kaiser Big Willie.

"His name is William, but he is now usually called Big Willie," she said. I must add that the little girl is German by birth, but has lived mostly in England, and only speaks English. For the past six months she has been in Russia, and the pictures in *The Daily Mirror*, which I get regularly, are a great delight to her."

Kent Captain's Loss.

The sympathy of cricketers will go out to Mr. C. H. B. Marsham, who has just lost his father, the Rev. C. D. B. Marsham, for many years Rector of Harriestham, near Maidstone. "C. H. B.'s" has the reputation of being one of the most popular men that ever stepped on a cricket field," an old Oxford Blue told me yesterday, while speaking of the former Kent captain's bereavement.

"A Slight Jar."

"I must have given C. H. B. a slight jar when he was skipping the Oxford team. I had done only moderately in the Freshmen's and trial matches and then been dropped. Coming down for the Long Vac. I started playing for my county, and two days before the 'Varsity match notched a century against Kent, then a very hot side," he said.

Precocious Freshman.

"Marsham, of course, had his 'Varsity side settled upon by this time, but, I take it, he did not feel he could altogether ignore that century against his own county, the merits of whose bowlers he was doubtless prepared to back against all comers." The sequel to that precocious Freshman's performance was a wire to come up to Lord's as twelfth man.

The King Will Race.

I am glad to hear that the King intends taking an interest in racing this year. All his horses will run, and he has some good ones. This is good. It would be impolitic to stop racing just now, for more reasons than one.

Time's Change.

The war has brought about many innovations in military etiquette. One of them is still causing "pain" to soldiers of the old school. It used to be the custom for a subaltern to be designated by the ordinary prefix in use in every-day life, and a year ago an officer junior to a captain was given no rank, thus "Mr. John Smith, 2nd Blankshire Regiment," was correct for a lieutenant. Had he called himself Lieutenant John Smith it would have been considered bad form. Yet to-day it is quite usual to see the rank of lieutenant freely given in marriage and birth notifications.

Miss Florence Smithson in Vaudeville.

On Monday Miss Florence Smithson makes her appearance at the Coliseum with Rejane, Arthur Bourchier, and all the other stars. Miss Smithson made her first stage appearance at the age of three, and she was not a little bit nervous. She has had many tributes in her time, but a hurriedly-scribbled note from Adelina Patti, saying: "I think you sing beautifully," is perhaps the most cherished.



Miss Florence Smithson.

ance at the age of three, and she was not a little bit nervous. She has had many tributes in her time, but a hurriedly-scribbled note from Adelina Patti, saying: "I think you sing beautifully," is perhaps the most cherished.

Child Actors Fall.

Talking of Miss Smithson's early stage appearance reminds me of the fact that three-quarters of the successful "infant phenomena" "die young," so far as the theatre is concerned. They seldom achieve fame in after life. Master Betty is the great example, and I could name twenty in our generation who have grown up in self-consciousness and awkwardness. Miss Smithson is a conspicuous exception.

To Referee the Big Box.

A great deal of speculation has been raised in sporting circles as to who will referee the international boxing match between Bombardier Wells and Frank Moran at the London Opera House. I have just heard that it will be Mr. George T. Dunning.

Good News.

It is good news that Mme. Sarah Bernhardt is making progress towards recovery, and one of the people most glad to hear it will be, I am sure, Rejane, who is now playing in London.

They Never Quarrel.

A few years ago I happened to be writing for the stage, and then met fairly regularly Sarah Bernhardt and Rejane—the one the world's greatest tragedienne and the other France's greatest comedienne. At that time the theatrical world, both in London and in Paris, was full of the petty green-room scandal that always exists, and rather hinted that Bernhardt and Rejane were at daggers drawn. I mentioned this to both women. Sarah said to me: "I admire Rejane because she can not only make you laugh, but she never forgets the pathos underlying the smile. She laughs with tears." Rejane said to me: "Mon cher, j'adore Sarah. She has a heart of gold." So much for theatrical jealousy.

A Little-Known Town House.

Harrington House, which Lord Harrington has kindly lent for the information bureau established by the Army bankers and agents, Messrs. Cox and Co., for obtaining news of the wounded, and under the direction of Mrs. Reginald Cox, enjoys the distinction of being further east than the London residence of any other peer. It is at the end of the little



Lord Harrington.

Claring Cross cul-de-sac, Craig's-cour, and though a spacious and roomy structure is barely visible up the narrow entrance to passers-by to and from Whitehall.

Peer Fruiterer.

Lord Harrington is best known as a sportsman—a M.F.H., famous polo player and yachting man—but he is also an engineer with no little inventive genius, and a great horticulturist. He has splendid gardens and hothouses at Elvaston Castle, Derbyshire, and to dispose of the surplus products of these he once set up a fruiterer's shop at the corner of Craig's-cour.

"Army, Navy and Airvy."

Although, as a mere man, that monthly journal, "The Needle-Worker," is not quite in my line, I always like to see it. It is full of bright notions. Recently it has issued numbers in Braille for the blind, and has published articles in French for the benefit of our French and Belgian guests. This month it has invented a new word. The issue is devoted to the making of comforts for the troops, and it speaks of articles "equally suitable for the Army, Navy and Airvy"! Not a bad word, that "Airvy."

Topical Now.

How history repeats itself! I came across an old song yesterday that used to be sung at the vanished Gaiety in the days of burlesque. It is called "He won't be happy till he gets it," and was written by Sir Francis Burnand. One verse deals with the aspirations of France to recover Alsace and Lorraine. It would be topical now.

The Irrepressibles.

Our soldiers have an amazingly indomitable spirit. As, for instance, down a hill at Harrow yesterday five wounded soldiers were limping. They were all wounded in the foot or leg. In their charge was a sixth soldier, and as he was wounded in both legs and couldn't walk at all, he was in a bath-chair. They were all laughing and joking together, as blithe and high-spirited as though there were no such things as wounds. The soldier in the bath-chair was second to none.

The Bath-Chair Express.

Suddenly the spirit of mischief entered into the pushers of the bath-chair. They gave it a little push, and off it started down the hill with the added impetus of its own weight. Then, and when it was too late, the pushers made the alarming discovery that they could only limp helplessly after it at a totally inadequate pace. The face of the Tommy in the bath-chair was a study. But keeping his head admirably, he waited until he came to a bank and steered cunningly into it. And so further casualties were avoided.

THE RAMBLER.

HOW TO STOP HEAD-NOISES.

Good Advice For Those Who Fear Deafness.

People who are growing hard of hearing and who experience a stuffy feeling of pressure against their ear drums, accompanied by buzzing, rumbling sounds in their head like water falling or steam escaping, should take prompt and effective measures to stop this trouble. Head noises are almost invariably the forerunners of complete or partial deafness, and most deaf people suffer from them constantly. Sometimes these head noises become so distracting and nerve-racking with their never-ceasing "hum" they drive the sufferer almost frantic, and complete nervous breakdown and even violent insanity have been known to result.

Thanks to a remarkable scientific discovery made recently, it is now possible to almost instantly lessen the severity of these head noises and in a very short time to completely and permanently overcome them. With the disappearing of the head noises the hearing also greatly improves, and very frequently can be restored to normal. It can easily be prepared at home for about 2s. 6d., and is the most effective treatment known to science for this trouble. From your chemist secure one ounce Parmint (double strength), take this home and add to it 4 pint hot water and four ounces granulated sugar. Stir until dissolved. Take one dessert-spoonful four times a day. Parmint is used in this way not only to reduce by tonic action the inflammation and swelling in the Eustachian Tubes, and thus to equalise the air pressure in the drum, but to remove any excess of secretions in the middle ear, and the results it gives are both remarkably quick and effective.—(Advt.)

HOW TO END ALL STOMACH MISERY.

SOME GOOD ADVICE BY A PHYSICIAN.

Here in England, where our damp climate compels us to eat heavy foods in order to keep our bodies warm, nearly everyone suffers with some form of stomach trouble. Many people take a little magnesia or pepsin when their stomach troubles them, and often they find no relief, and wonder why. The truth is, said a noted specialist recently, that nine-tenths of us suffer from stomach trouble simply because our tired digestive organs are overworked to such an extent that we cannot assimilate or digest the food we eat.

Magnesia or pepsin will sometimes give temporary relief, but they cannot effect a permanent cure. If you have a feeling of fullness after meals, bad taste in the mouth, dizziness, sour stomach, gas, indigestion, pain in the Colon or Bowels, go to your chemist and get an ounce or two of ordinary carmelum compound, and take from eight to ten drops in a tablespoonful of water three times a day after meals. It tastes pleasant, stimulates the appetite, and has a gentle, yet invigorating, action on the liver, which is excellent for those who are inclined to be troubled with constipation.

The first dose will promptly end the most miserable stomach distress, and in a few days' time your assimilative organs will be toned up and strengthened so that they will perform their work as nature intended. Even a person with a very weak stomach can then eat a hearty meal and digest it without the least feeling of discomfort. Hundreds of people who have been unable to find relief from the usual old-time stomach remedies have found a permanent cure for their trouble in this simple recipe.—(Advt.)

HOW I DARKENED MY GREY HAIR.

Lady Gives Simple Home Recipe That She Used to Darken Her Grey Hair.

For years I tried to restore my grey hair to its natural colour with the prepared dyes and stains, but none of them gave satisfaction and they were all expensive. I finally came across a simple recipe which I mixed at home that gives wonderful results. I gave the recipe, which is as follows, to a number of my friends, and they are all delighted with it: To 7oz. of water add a small box of Orlex Compound, 1oz. of bay rum and a 1/2 oz. of glycerine. Use every other day until the hair becomes the required shade, then every two weeks. It will not only darken the grey hair, but removes dandruff and scalp humours, and acts as a tonic to the hair. It is not sticky or greasy, does not rub off and does not colour the scalp. You can obtain these ingredients from your chemist and prepare it at home at very little expense.—(Advt.)

£5,000 FOR PICTURES OF THE WAR.

"Daily Mirror's" Record Offer to Amateur Photographers.

£5,000 for amateur photographers! The offer made by *The Daily Mirror* last week of £1,000, £250 and £100 for the first, second and third most interesting photographs of a war happening has proved to be so attractive to amateur photographers everywhere that we have decided to set aside a further £3,650 to be paid for more war snapshots.

This additional sum of £3,650 will be paid out in various amounts, week by week, as the photographs appear. There will be a large number of handsome payments for the best snapshots published each week. All photographs used will be well paid for.

£1,000 will be paid for the most interesting snapshot published by the Editor between now and July 31. £250 will be given for the second most interesting photograph and £100 for the third.

The additional sum of £3,650 makes *The Daily Mirror's* offer the most remunerative yet submitted for the consideration of amateur photographers.

Films will be developed free. Senders' names will not be disclosed.

This offer does not apply to photographs received through picture agencies or from professional photographers.

The Editor's decision must be accepted as final, and the copyright of photographs bought under this arrangement will be vested in *The Daily Mirror*.

Send all your war snapshots to *The Daily Mirror*, Boulevard-street, London, E.C.

YESTERDAY'S RACING.

There was another interesting afternoon's sport at Gatwick yesterday, but to the general disappointment neither Sullayarra nor Lynch Pin were pulled out for the Stayers' Steeplechase, which fell to Cavero.

Sensitive Symons, who had won his last three races, was expected to take the Tantivy Steeplechase, but in a close finish he was just beaten by Pollen.

The Manchester Meeting opens to-day, and should provide some excellent sport. Selections are appended:—

2.0.—Chinley Stakes.—RETIBUTION.
2.0.—City Hurdle.—ROUGH AND READY.
3.0.—Alderley Hurdle.—CIGAR.
3.30.—Broughton Chase.—SINCOPE.
4.0.—March Hurdle.—WEST.
4.30.—Chesham Stakes.—3FOXY.

DOUBLE EVENT FOR TO-DAY.
*ROUGH AND READY and CIGAR.
BOUVERIE.

Our Soldiers in the Trenches say there is nothing like Cherry Yellow Dublin for foot-comfort. Rubbed upon the feet, as well as upon the boots, it prevents soreness. Manufactured by makers of Cherry Blossom Boot Polish.—(Adv.)

NEWS ITEMS.

Wheat Prices Drop.

Wheat dropped fully 2s. a quarter at Driffeld market yesterday, and oats fell considerably.

Germans Buying Up Fish.

German agents, says the Exchange, are purchasing large consignments of fish from Norway.

New Dirigible's 63 Miles an Hour.

In a speed trial near Rome, the Exchange reported yesterday, the dirigible Velleo attained a speed of sixty-three miles an hour.

Five Victims of the Snow?

Five pupils of the Berne Gymnase, says Reuter, disappeared while on a ski excursion, and it is feared that they have fallen victims to a recent snowstorm.

John Chinaman's Milk Problem.

The Chinese, who take their tea without milk and sugar, are being invited by an enterprising condensed milk company, says an American commercial report, to take condensed milk.

British Seaplane Found Afloat.

The derelict seaplane brought in to Ymuiden by a Dutch torpedo-boat is apparently a British machine, says Reuter, and is fitted with a Gnome engine and a British propeller, compass and manometer.

Rush from Blazing Hotel.

The famous Hotel d'Angleterre at Copenhagen, the Exchange reported yesterday, was destroyed by fire during the night, some 200 guests, including a number of Englishmen, effecting their escape only at the last moment.

How to Trace Soldiers.

The Rev. W. Cyril Luxmoore, chaplain to the 5th Northern General Hospital, Leicester, asks friends who inquire about soldiers reported as wounded or killed to state the company to which the men belong.

GATWICK RACING RETURNS.

2.0.—Gorse Hurdle. 2m.—Mutton Gulets (11-4, Small piece), 1; Silver Bay (2-1), 2; Cesar (10-1), 3. 5 ran.
2.30.—Chequers Chase. 2m.—Highways (5-1, Arils), 1; Flatterer (5-1), 2; Milfoil (10-1), 3. 7 ran.

3.0.—Minor Hurdle. 2m.—Pondley Claim (100-8, Mr. Manley), 1; St. Bruno (2-1), 2; Cesar (7-4), 3. 14 ran.

3.30.—Tantivy Chase. 2m.—Pollen (5-1, Hawkins), 1; Sensitive Symons (4-5), 2; Frejus (20-1), 3. 9 ran.

4.0.—Stayers' Chase. 3m.—Cavero (7-1, Burley), 1; Hesperus Magnus (5-1), 2; Red Coll (6-5), 3. 6 ran.

4.25.—Cophorne Hurdle. 2m.—Fair Oaks (100-8, Tighe), 1; Westphalia (6-1), 2; Warisart (5-1), 3. 12 ran.

LATEST LONDON BETTING.

LINCOLNSHIRE HANDICAP.—10 Outram (4, 0), 100 to 8 Lord Annandale (4, 0), 100 to 6 View Law (4, 0), and Gunbeater (4, 0), 20 Jarnae II. and Courageous (4, 0).

RICHARD CHATTERTON, V.C.

(Continued from page 9.)

had no mother to go to, no one to confide in. She called to her softly.

"Come here, my dear. . . ." Sonia turned and came back a few steps.

"Yes!" she asked.

Lady Merriam put kindly arms round her and kissed her warmly.

"Don't you fret," she said. "It will all come right some day."

But she heard Sonia sobbing as she ran up the stairs and vanished. Lady Merriam sighed and smiled together.

And I believe she's fond of the boy all the time," she told herself. "I shall have to speak to Jardine and see what can be done."

Upstairs Sonia had paused on the wide landing to wipe the tears from her eyes. She knew her maid would be waiting for her, and she was not one of those to wear her heart on her sleeve. When presently she entered her room she was composed, if a little pale and wan looking.

The maid looked surprised to see her. "I came home early—my head aches," Sonia explained. She was painfully conscious of her ringless left hand; she found herself trying to keep it hidden as her frock was being unfastened.

Through the long glass opposite which they stood Sonia glanced anxiously at the girl's face, but there was no sign of curiosity about her. She kept her eyes downcast. Only when she rose from her knees with Sonia's white frock trailing over her arm did Sonia see that her face was tear-stained, her eyelids swollen as if with much crying.

Sonia turned impulsively. "Oh, Lena, is anything the matter?" she forgot her own troubles; she laid a kindly hand on the maid's arm.

"It's only what I always dreaded," Lena said in a muffled tone. "It's Mr. Carter. . . ."

"Carter!" Sonia echoed the name quickly; she knew that for a long time Lena's affections had been given to Richard Chatterton's man.

"Oh, surely he isn't going to be married, is he?"

The girl shook her head; she apologetically brushed away a tear that had fallen on Sonia's white ball gown.

"Oh, no, miss—not that; but I think it's almost worse. . . . I wouldn't mind so much if I knew he was settled down and happy, but if he's killed—"

"Killed!" Sonia caught up the word breathlessly.

"Do you mean that he has enlisted?" she asked slowly.

Lena choked back a sob. "He's going to to-morrow. I saw him this evening, and he told me that Mr. Chatterton had given him permission to go. . . ."

There will be another splendid instalment to-morrow.

TAKES OFF DANDRUFF. HAIR STOPS FALLING.

Girls! Try this! Makes your hair thick, glossy, fluffy, beautiful.

Within ten minutes after an application of Danderine you cannot find a single trace of dandruff or falling hair, and your scalp will not itch, but what will please you most will be after a few weeks' use, when you see new hair—growing all over the scalp.

A little Danderine immediately doubles the beauty of your hair. No difference how dull, faded, brittle and scraggy, just moisten a cloth with Danderine and carefully draw it through your hair, taking one small strand at a time. The effect is amazing—your hair will be light, fluffy and wavy, and have an appearance of abundance, an incomparable lustre, softness and luxuriance.

Get a 1s. 1d. bottle of Knowlton's Danderine from any chemist, and prove that your hair is as pretty and soft as any—that it has been neglected or injured by careless treatment—that's all—you surely can have beautiful hair, and lots of it, if you will just try a little Danderine.—(Adv.)

WHAT MAKES WOMEN UNFIT?

Nature's "best handiwork" never was intended to be handicapped by illness, as so many women are; Nature's intention never was that women should be less free and capable, as women, than men are as men. Yet how frequently young girls, business women, housewives and mothers complain of feeling "unfit."

What makes the growing girl so languid, the business girl so depressed, the housewife and mother so overwhelmed with worries and cares? What unfits women for life's joys and duties? The answer is, Bloodlessness.

Girls grow into "unfit" women if they lack the help of new blood during their teens; business girls become bloodless from too much indoor occupation, hasty meals, and insufficient exercise; housewives overtax their blood by overwork, over-anxiety, nursing, neglecting the need of sleep, regular meals and fresh-air relaxation. Hence the blood becomes watery.

But women who keep their blood rich and red, never need fear illness. Wholesome food, sufficient rest, and Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People will keep every woman's health right. These pills alone have proved a priceless boon to weak anemic women, and if you suffer you should try them. So obtain Dr. Williams' Pink Pills at your dealers to-day.

FREE.—The woman's health guide, "Plain Talks." Send a postcard to Hints Dept., 49 Holborn Viaduct, London, for a copy.—(Adv.)

PERFECT MARGARINE

DOUBLE **1** - WEIGHT
Or 6d. per 1 lb.

Everyone—young and old—likes this Perfect Margarine because of its fine flavour; the wise housewife insists on Perfect Margarine because of its purity, its nutritiousness, and, best of all, because it makes her money go so much further.

Home & Colonial

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£5,000 OFFERED FOR WAR SNAPSHOTS: See Page 11

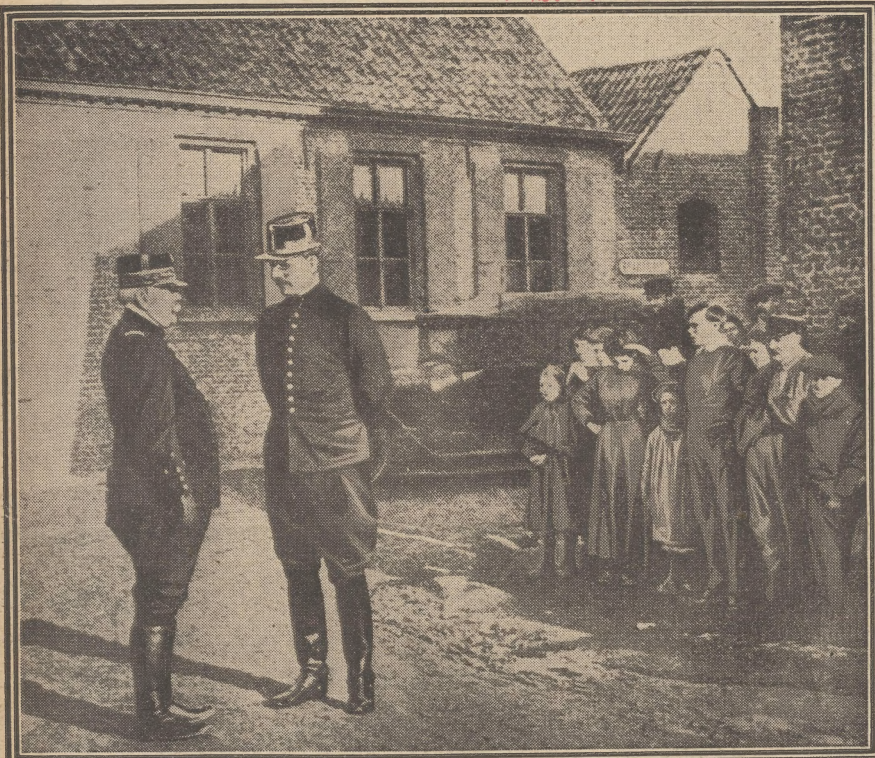
The Daily Mirror

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"DER TAG."—FRIDAY is the publication day for the OVERSEAS WEEKLY EDITION of "THE DAILY MIRROR," on sale everywhere 3d., or if you prefer that we should dispatch this paper, to your soldier or sailor friend, we will do so for 13 weeks on receipt of 6s. 6d. If sent elsewhere 7s. 6d., or to Canada 5s. Address Manager, Overseas Edition, "Daily Mirror," 23-29, Bouverie-st., London, E.C.

INFORMAL MEETING BETWEEN TWO GREAT MEN.

P. 123 2.



This photograph illustrates a historic meeting which will always remain a pleasant memory to the little group of spectators, and will be something for the little girls to relate to their grandchildren when the great war is a thing of the past. The two men are Belgium's heroic monarch and General Joffre, the great French Commander-in-Chief.

"THE JOY RIDE LADY."

P. 14038



Miss Gertrude Laarhoven, who is to marry an Army captain shortly. She leapt into public notice while in "The Joy Ride Lady."—(Bassano.)

MAKING GUNS FOR RECRUITS.

P. 566



Manufacturing the new dummy guns for recruits in Birmingham. The guns are exactly the same weight and dimensions as the Service rifles.

A COSSACK PATROL SEARCHING FOR GERMAN OUTPOSTS.

P. 124



One of the numerous Cossack patrols which have done such wonderful work for our Ally traversing a snow-covered road in Poland in search of the German outposts. The Germans never show the smallest inclination to meet the Cossacks at close quarters. The much-advertised Uhlans have never given them battle.